

The Gleaner

VOL. IV

No. 2

MARCH, 1904

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NATIONAL FARM SCHOOL, March, 1904

No. 2

HOW CARR WAS CURED.

BY BERNARD A. ZALINGER, '04.

Clark Wallace Carr was not a total abstainer, nor an habitual drinker, but, like all men, liked to indulge in the intoxicating beverage now and then.

At frequent intervals, too frequent, in fact, to please his better half, he used to wander home in the small hours of the morning in anything but a sober and sound condition.

Mr. Carr had his drinking spells or sprees, as he termed them, and then would settle down and be as dutiful and as loving a husband as one would wish for.

Many a pleasant evening would he spend in his imposing Turkish den with his tootsey wootsey by his side making love in the most affectionate manner, and at these periods there existed the greatest felicity and conviviality between the two.

As with every man, there was an opposite side to his nature, and when this metamorphosis took possession of him his presence at home would become so unbearable that Mrs. Carr would be compelled to leave the immediate vicinity to avoid being disgraced. But this had no bracing effect upon him.

Even Clara Jane, the domestic worthy, who had for years been a member of the Carr household, was in the act of packing her belongings to depart for an indefinite time. Many had been the nights that her slumber had been disturbed to go down and open the door for the frolicsome head of the household.

Carr was a well-to-do merchant and a prominent member of the Concordia Club, an organization which was the scene of many social functions, and which catered to an exclusive set composed of the elite of the busy city of

One evening Carr was at the club trying to drown his business worries in song, drink and smokes labeled "Havana."

Shortly after midnight, when the pleasures of the evening had ceased and the bright lights had been extinguished, a figure could be seen staggering down the steps of the club house in the hands of a cabman. It was no other than Clark Wallace Carr, who after a night of exhilaration and revelry had prepared for his home going by having a carriage call for him.

But what a night it was! The rain was falling in torrents and the streets

were almost impassable. A few incoherent words to the driver and away sped the horses.

In a short time he arrived in front of a handsome residence; the driver alighted to assist his passenger up the steps, but he protested violently, muttering that he was well able to take care of himself, and ordered the driver to be off.

At the top of the steps our genial friend fumbled in his pockets for his key, but he was like a ship in a storm.

More to luck than sense of feeling, his hand pressed against the electric button on the door, and instantly a sharp, piercing sound was emitted.

A figure in night attire stuck her head out of the window and inquired what was wanted.

"Does Ca—Ca— C—a—r—r stop here?" he muttered in a guttural voice, and almost losing his equilibrium.

Bridget looked at the drenched figure, which presented an amusing spectacle. With the following exclamation, "No, you fool, cars don't stop here. Go up to the next corner and wait till one comes," Bridget slammed the window down.

A view of his surroundings revealed the startling fact that the cabman had deposited Mr. Carr before a house other than his own, in a strange neighborhood.

* * * * * * * *

A few days later Mrs. Carr returned and a speedy and happy reconciliation took place, and needless to say he never touched a drop of liquor again.

MY GIRLS.

E. I. L., '04.

I have so many girlies that
I know not what to do;
For when I gaze in Sibyl's eyes,
Inez whispers, "Be true."

There's Gwendolyn and Evelyn,
Vivian and Tessie,
Juliet and Antoinette,
Olive, Ruth and Bessie.

Cornelia and Bedelia,
Maud, Phylliss, and Rosie,
Annetta, Henrietta,
Clarissa, May, and Josie.

There's Flora, Ida, Dora,
And also Mayme, and Fanny,
While Stella, Isabella,
But I must Mary, Annie.

A man was found dead beside a camera. The verdict rendered as to the cause of death was "accidental shooting; didn't know it was loaded."

THE FUGITIVE

BY DAVID SERBER, '05.

Messrs. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York, introduce a new author in "The Fugitive," by Ezra S. Brudno. It is a powerful story of Jewish life, in which Mr. Brudno relates some of his personal experiences and expounds his interpretation of the new relation between Jew and Gentile. Whether our views coincide with the author's or are diametrically opposed to them, whether we believe in assimilation and intermarriage or are strictly orthodox in our faith, we must, nevertheless, admit the truth and faithfulness of the picture presented.

"The Fugitive" is the story of a wanderer in search of a home. Israel Abramovitch is the son of a Lithuanian Jew, who is thrown into prison on the charge of killing a Christian child for ritual purposes on the Passover. The old man is found hanging in his cell soon after, and his wife dies from the effects of the shock. Israel is thus left an orphan, dependent on the charity of his co-religionists for support. Subsequently he becomes an inmate in the home of the provincial judge, who is a Gentile, and falls in love with his daughter, Katia. This attachment becomes the ruling passion of his life. It is the cause of all his troubles, for, discovering the state of affairs, the judge orders Israel from the house. The poor outcast again finds himself adrift in the world, without a friend to stretch out a helping hand.

During the course of his wanderings he is, successively, a student in the Hebrew School at Lithuania, the Yeshiva of Javolin, and the gymnasium. An intimate view of life at these institutions is obtained. Israel's love for Katia never wavers, even though he discovers that her father is the cause of much of his family's misfortune. It is this passion that spurs him on to his best efforts and enkindles in his heart an ambition to become a great man.

Eventually, Israel comes to America, and his evolution from a "green-horn" of the Ghetto to a potential American citizen is vividly portrayed. Katia's father, who is now a political refugee, comes to New York, and the lovers meet after a series of incidents as dramatic as they are unexpected.

The author, who is himself a Jew, speaks from personal experience and portrays accurately the conditions of an oppressed people, both in the circumscribed Pale of Russia and in the Ghetto of a large American city. One of the most stirring incidents in the book is a description of the massacre of the Jews in Kief. The prejudice of the German Jews in America against their Russian co-religionists is also a part of the story. On the whole, the truth of the story is as picturesque as the fiction. The Jewish ceremonials and traditions are described with a sympathy that only a Jew can feel. However, the lesson that the book teaches and the theme of the story—love as a leveller of creed—will not be taken kindly to by those Jews who still have a yearning and love for the old traditions in their hearts, and who still look to Jerusalem as the ultimate goal of the Chosen People.

The following notice recently appeared on the blackboard:—

Found—a pair of gloves. Please return to

B—O—.

ADVICE TO FARMERS.

How to raise potatoes—with your fork, of course, not with a spoon.

AN ICE BOAT RACE.

BY R. KYSELA, '05.

"Mr. Adler is in the parlor, Miss Grace!"

"Thank you, Eva, I shall be there immediately," replied her young mistress, who had received this information while still in her apartment completing her toilet. Glancing into the mirror in order to detect any error in her attire, Miss Grace Havemeyer, the only daughter of the wealthy Wall Street broker, gave a nod of satisfaction, then descending the palatial staircase she entered the parlor.

"Good evening, George!" she exclaimed as she noiselessly approached a good looking young fellow seated at the other end of the parlor. That individual was much absorbed in the contents of a railroad time-table and had failed to notice her entrance.

"Beg your pardon, Grace," he said, rising, "I was so absorbed in this time-table that I did not notice your entrance. How are you this evening, dear?"

"Well as ever, thank you."

"By the way, Grace, I have done as you requested me, and through the influence of Mr. Marlowe have secured the best apartments to be had on the grandest of all steamers, the Majestic, which sails a week from Friday. If the weather holds good, as I hope it will, we shall be very comfortable and the trip will be an enjoyable one, in spite of it being mid-winter."

"I am very glad you succeeded, George, for that is the only good steamer leaving port next week, and I should hate to be compelled to wait until the week after."

"Grace, did you hear that it is again my fortune to sail the 'Rocket' in to-morrow's race?"

"I did not."

"Would you like to witness the race?"

"No, thank you, George; I despise those horrid ice-boats, and shall in no way encourage them; and as for you, my advice would be to keep away from them, because accidents often occur."

"See here, Grace, while I was at college you said 'base ball was too common, foot-ball, barbaric and brutal, and hockey was entirely out of the question; so what would you have me do?'"

"George, please do not think I am trying to dictate to you," said the young woman, blushing a trifle; "I am simply trying to give you advice for your own welfare."

"Thank you, Grace, I shall try to profit by your good advice."

After a somewhat lengthy stay Mr. Adler left.

Ten o'clock next morning Mr. Adler and his assistant, Van Dyke, the two best ice-boat yachtsmen of the New York Ice-Boat Club, were putting the finishing touches on the "Rocket" prior to the eventful race. A number of the club members stood in a group admiring the graceful outline of their club's color defender, and here and there giving valuable advice to the two yachtsmen.

At one o'clock the great race began. Eight boats, representing the various clubs, lined up for the start. The banks of the large New Jersey lake were thronged with ice-boat enthusiasts. The lake was some ten miles in length and about half as broad, on which the twenty mile race was to be run in a triangular course.

"Stiff breeze, isn't it, Van?" remarked Adler, looking up at the masthead where his club's colors were flying.

"A little strong," replied his assistant as he assumed his position just as the "get ready" signal sounded. All on the banks stood breathless; suddenly eight white sails shot out upon the smooth, clear ice, and soon disappeared in the distance with the "Rocket" in the lead.

"Like taking a crutch from a cripple," remarked a clubmate of Adler's as he saw the "Rocket" sail ahead.

"Looks a little that way," replied another.

Let us now follow Adler and the "Rocket." They are still in the lead and are just rounding the first post marking out the triangular course. A little later the second turning post was reached, with another boat close to their stern.

"Take her on the dead run," shouted Adler to Van Dyke as he saw him making ready to slow down on the turn. "Every second counts with such a dangerous rival behind us."

The turn was made at full speed. The "Rocket" came into the wind suddenly and rose into the air like a bird, the next instant it dropped back upon the ice with a terrific crash and was transformed into a mass of wreckage; both its occupants being thrown out far upon the ice.

A chill ran through the veins of the helmsman of the boat behind, for before he could realize it, the prow of his boat struck one of the yachtsmen of the wrecked boat and tossed him high up into the air. He brought his boat to a stand several hundred yards away and ran back to attend to the injured man, but found him beyond medical aid. His eyes became glassy, he gasped heavily for breath, and then George Adler breathed his last.

Two or three hundred yards away the unconscious form of Van Dyke was picked up. He was carried to medical aid, where it was found that both limbs were broken and his shoulder dislocated.

The next evening the following conversation was overheard in the Havemeyer residence between the family physician and the Wall Street broker:—

"I regret to say it, Mr. Havemeyer, but I believe Miss Grace is in a somewhat serious condition. I have done all in my power to revive the poor girl, but have failed to bring her back to consciousness. She has been unconscious for almost twenty-four hours and I shall now leave her for a while in the care of Miss Wilson, the nurse, while I go to see Doctor Peters, for I believe with our united efforts we can bring the young woman back to consciousness."

"Do anything at all under the sun, Doctor," replied the gray-haired man brokenly, as a tear trickled down his feverish cheek, "all I ask of you is, for God's sake relieve me of this awful strain that now rests upon me by helping my daughter."

At this juncture Miss Wilson, the nurse, apologized for interrupting their conversation and reported to the doctor that Miss Havemeyer had somewhat recovered consciousness. The doctor and the girl's father hastily ascended the stairs and entered her apartment. They found her seated in her bed with her face buried in both hands, weeping bitterly. Suddenly she ceased crying and, looking up at her father with a sweet smile, a strange light entering her eyes, she cried out: "O, George, I knew you would come back; how happy I am again that you have returned. Come, George, tell Grace that you will not race again; won't you, please?"

This was too much for the poor old father. Tears filled his eyes as he realized that the poor broken-hearted girl's brain was unbalanced. Turning his back he left the room, a mental and physical wreck.

WARFARE AND CIVILIZATION.

The Man of Culture takes a dip into the historical sea and states that war always was a factor in Civilization.

BY WM. J. SERLIN, '02.

The Man of Culture and myself selected a seat in the Grand Circus Park where we got a good view of the immobile features of the late Hazen S. Pingree, cast in bronze, in colossal proportions. Governor Pingree was one of Michigan's most gifted and celebrated sons, and he well deserved this token of appreciation which faces Detroit's principal street. While Mayor of Detroit he conceived and executed the idea of allowing the poor of his city to till and raise food on the vacant lots that abound in this as well as in every other city in this country. He thereby became known as "Potato Patch Pingree."

The newspapers are continually speaking of the friction that existed between Japan and Russia, and so by way of opening the conversation, during which I always let my friend do all the talking, I made some remark about the attitude of the two nations resembling very much that of two children who are "angry" at each other: it takes very little to start them into scrapping.

"True," said the Man of Culture, "Japan and Russia will surely be at each other's throats when both get ready to begin the conflict. You see one train is going west and the other is going east, and the great Operator who has charge of affairs knows, and will allow, in His wisdom, the collision; and both are on the same track. There will be other interests coming to the rescue of either of the two trains, but that is a matter for much speculation."

I saw that this at the time was too speculative a subject, so I switched the conversaion by asking him what were his ideas as to war having been a factor in human progress. I remembered once having debated the same question at college, and though I came off victor, I now wished, mentally, that at the time I had known the Man of Culture, so that I might have more completely given the knock-out blow to my opponent.

I waited for a few moments, while apparently he seemed to think only of his cigar, but I waited patiently, well knowing that he was simply arranging his thoughts, for the Man of Culture is a very methodical man.

"You asked me a rather 'tough' question. You spread too much salve. You know well that the question involves the entire range of human history, and I can treat the subject only in a very superficial way out here in the park."

I told him to "let her go, Gallagher," putting a big discount on this expression of modesty.

"I heard you use the expression 'human progress.' Of course, you mean civilization. I suppose you did not like to use the word civilization because the cynics have lately been having lots of fun with that word and with what it represents. They know pretty well that it represents thousands of years of human effort, but the American comic journals hold nothing sacred except their circulation and their advertising patronage. Civilization means the progress of the human race toward a better state, and history keeps a record of the factors that have contributed toward human progress. There are many

factors that are recognized as having contributed toward progress, such as religion, commerce, literature, art, and war. In the past, war contributed more toward civilization than any other factor. In many cases war acted as a purifying agent, leaving as precipitate, religion, commerce, literature, and art. All the nations existing to-day are the results of ancient wars. Peace was synonymous for intellectual and social stagnation. It produced isolation, and no isolated nation can learn much of itself, and from a certain standpoint peaceful nations became isolated: their experiences were limited; their ideas, few and narrow; international contact was lacking, which a century or so ago was the only means by which interchange of thoughts was affected. We find nations who have long dwelt in self-satisfied barbarism suddenly leaping into civilization when they assume the role of conquerors. From the Angles and Saxons who conquered Britain arose the English nation. The Norsemen who invaded France quickly threw aside their barbaric ways and emerged into chivalry. On the other hand, contemplate the spectacle of China. What a figure she cuts in the affairs of the human race! The greater part of her existence has been one of continual peace, and she has grown old as many men and women grow: their prejudices become rigid, conceits hardened, and beliefs inflexible. War introduces new conditions, new foundations upon which the edifices of the future civilization may be built. Ideas are the seeds of civilization, and ideas are gotten by experience. Each soldier, in addition to having aided the Grim Reaper, also sowed the seeds of civilization, which is a curious anomaly, but true.

"You know that when I read of Benjamin Franklin's efforts to make George III see the errors of his ways, from the American standpoint, I feel mighty glad that he did not succeed. There are some questions that cannot be solved except by resorting to arms, and the question whether in the future a people should be called rebels or patriots, war was the manner in which this problem was solved. Of course, there are exceptions, like Panama, but even the latter owes its independence, in some measure, to President Roosevelt, and that gentleman is far from being a peaceful individual, as those who have been "skinning" the government have and will find out. The Civil War solved a world of problems and paved the way for our present greatness.

"If you will look close you will observe that war had the effect of stimulating national growth. Our present unparalleled prosperity is not due entirely to the Spanish-American War, but it is due to it in a great measure. The sectional differences of a great country are forgotten when its national honor and integrity are at stake; the different sections become united, drawn together by new ties of sympathy and mutual good feeling.

"I am far from maintaining that war has been the only factor. Religion, too, was a factor and is still somewhat of a factor, but religion itself owes a lot to war.

"Possible future effects in the same direction are still reserved for war, though it is to be hoped that man will henceforth rest content with fewer wars and the more desirable, if slower, results of peace. Besides it is to be doubted if war is still the chief factor in civilization. Trade is beginning to 'cut some ice,' and it is to be hoped will remain henceforth forever frozen, so that it will continue to 'cut ice' as a factor in civilization."

In his earnestness the Man of Culture forgot his cigar, so I supplied him with a match. But he did not continue the subject. He suggested taking a ride on the river in the steamer "Pleasure," to which I readily assented. The steamer took us to the eastern end of the Detroit River and permitted us to catch a glimpse of that beautiful inland sea, Lake Erie.

THE GLEANER

Published Monthly by the Students of the National Farm School, Farm School, Pa.

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Max Malish, '04, Agriculture	
Jacob Ratner, '05, Exchanges	Hit or Miss

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SUBSCRIPTION PRICE: 50 CENTS A YEAR, PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.

For advertising rates and subscriptions, address David Serber, Business Manager, Farm School, Pa. Subscribers and advertisers who do not receive their paper each month will please notify the business manager.

Entered May 9, 1903, at Farm School, Pa., as second class matter, under Act of Congress of March 3, '79.

EDITORIALS

Among the many new books that have been added to the library within the last few weeks is one from Doubleday, Page & Co., which was sent to us for review. The book is entitled "The Fugitive," by Ezra S. Bradno, and is a powerful story of Russian oppression. The review has been ably written by one of the members of the staff and appears in this issue.

About a fortnight ago, there passed from the ranks of the living, a man who was loved by thousands of friends all over the entire country. His death was a severe shock to the Republican party and removed from American politics one of the greatest, as well as the strongest, characters that has ever faced the scenes of a political war.

Upon the bier of Marcus A. Hanna we lay this humble tribute of respect. The grandeur of his life, and the perseverance in his struggles, will ever be an example of what is good and noble to rising, young Americans.

It is with deep regret that we announce that Prof. W. B. Madison severed his connection with this institution on the 15th ult., so as to become an instructor in an agricultural school in Mt. Herman, Mass.

Mr. Madison won his way into the hearts of the students from the start, and during his short sojourn at this institution was ever "one of the boys." He was always willing to aid us in every respect, and lent his valuable assistance as head coach of the foot ball team unasked.

We always admired his efficiency, both as a teacher and superintendent of the Horticultural department, and feel that his absence has deprived us of a jovial friend and a patient instructor.

E'er he departed, the student body presented him with an elegantly framed picture of the 1903 foot-ball team, to show their gratitude and appreciation for his many acts of kindness to them. Then with hearts filled with best wishes for success in his new undertaking, we bid him farewell.



Hit or Miss



Feinberg, '07.—"Is Doc Roose, Japanese or Russian?"
 Miller, '07.—"I think he's Broken English."

Taubenhaus, '04.—"I see Monblatt got a whole new outfit of clothes."
 Malish, '04.—"Yes, and Mr. Gage has entered suit against him, as he has not paid for it."

Caesar's last words to Brutus, who slew him at the foot of Pompey's statue: "Oh, thou base villain."

Krinzman, '06 (to Prof. Shepard, in Agriculture).—"Did you not say that apatite comes from South America?"

Prof. Shepard.—"No, you get it by gazing upon wholesome food."

All poor men are not brokers.

Brown and Green are freshmen,
 And each does trouble brew;
 But when they get to scrapping,
 They turn all black and blue.

Zalinger, '04, (who has mislaid some coin in the Senior dormitory).—"Did you notice any change in our room this morning?"

Lee, '04.—"Yes, in the temperature."

Norvick, '06.—"I think I'll have to have my teeth attended to."

Kysela, '05.—"Why?"

Norvick, '06.—"They're just aching for the dentist."

Doctor Washburn (in Chemistry).—"There are juices in all soils (referring to acids). Take the red New Jersey soil, for instance. What is its color due to?"

Serber, '05.—"Why, to the juices."

L. Ratner, '06.—"When a fountain pen leaks what does it signify?"

Horn, '06.—"That the ink is running out."

On being asked why he keeps his window open at night, Eisenstein replied, "To keep my brain fresh."

Prof. Gage (in Literature).—"For what was Thackeray noted?"

Hirsch, '05.—"For his make-peace (Makepeace) quality."

Anderson, '07, would like to know whether Jap is a canine dog and if he hails from Canada.

Neustadt, '06.—"Why do you call Horn's words 'high sounding?'"

Condor, '06.—"Because they come from a bluff."



Athletics



M. MORRIS, '05, EDITOR.

It is, indeed, a painful duty to announce that Farm School has not adequate material to be represented on the diamond this season.

Last year marked a new epoch in our base ball history, for we possessed a team that rated among the leaders of our class, and at the close of the season the prospects for this year were such as to warrant an equal, if not a better one.

But, to our sorrow, the majority of our best players have left us. Graduation is responsible for the loss of Levy and Sadler, two players who did creditable work at all times. And resignation is responsible for the loss of Klein, the star pitcher; Freides, an infielder of sterling quality, and Goldberg, a promising Freshman. The absence of these players has rendered the organization of a successful team, thus far, impossible.

Manager Monblatt has been the recipient of many letters asking for games, but has had to reply in the negative. His canvass for candidates among the students proved disheartening, and after hearing his report, the Athletic Association decided to abandon the idea of having a team.

Instead, however, two fine tennis courts and a hand-ball court will be substituted. These, together with base-ball among ourselves, are hoped to be sufficient to supply the demand for our summer sports, and no doubt the students will undergo the humiliation bravely, and look forward to the foot-ball season with renewed vigor.

The financial standing of the Athletic Association has been greatly improved, and put on a firm basis, thanks to the never-failing ideas of "Bunch" Norwick, a worthy Sophomore.

His latest idea is somewhat of a novelty and is certainly worthy of mention. He has obtained the use of a plot of ground, on which he will raise vegetables, the proceeds of which are to go into the treasury of the Athletic Association. To some of our readers this may seem ridiculous, but, when one considers the limited number of students we have for support and the expense of carrying on a successful season of baseball or football, that thought is quickly dispelled.

At the regular annual meeting of the Athletic Association, the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: M. Morris, '05, President; L. Condor, '06, Vice President; J. Ratner, '05, Secretary and Treasurer; J. Norwick, '06, General Manager. The Auditing Committee is composed of Messrs. Horn, '06, and Neustadt, '06.

In a hotel or restaurant the waiter generally knows what you want, and vice versa, you know what he wants.



Agriculture



M. MALISH, '04, EDITOR.

THE LOSS OF NITROGEN IN THE SOIL.

The element of nitrogen exists in every fertile soil, principally in three different forms: First, Organic Nitrogen, which is a part of the plant and which is absolutely necessary; second, in the form of ammonia and its compounds, and third, in the form of Nitric Acid. The organic matter consists of roots, stubbles, leaves, etc., in all stages of decay. Organic matter is decayed by heat and bacteria forming a nitrate, which is the most available form of nitrogen. This is not a stable compound and nitrification may then take place. All nitrogen is likely to be soluble in water, and is likely to be carried down by the rain into the subsoil. When nitrogen is first put on the soil in the form of fertilizers, it does not combine with the different particles of the soil to form a stable compound. Thus we see that nitrogen is subjected to a great loss, and the farmer may lose a large part of it if he will not take good care of the soil. It, therefore, becomes an important thing for the farmer, while cultivating year by year, to plow deep, so that the nitrogen which made its way deep into the subsoil will be taken up by the roots of the plants, and for this clover and the various other legumes are playing a most important part in modern agriculture. During heavy rainfall, clay soils do not lose such a great amount of nitrogen as do the sandy soils, because the particles are so much finer and the spaces between them so small that the water cannot percolate through it rapidly. This is why such soils are usually cold and wet. Organic nitrogen cannot be carried down by the water, but must first be transformed into ammonia compounds or those of nitric acid. In this form it is likely to be carried away by the soil water, if there is not a crop growing to take it up and fix it again as organic nitrogen. The plant now takes up this nitrogen and makes it a part of itself. But, although there is a great quantity of nitrogen in the soil, perhaps a greater amount can be found in the air. Most plants receive their nitrogen from the soil, while the great family of plants, leguminosae, the clover, pea, and the bean family, take their nitrogen from the air, if there is not a sufficient quantity in the soil. The plants of this family live in partnership with the minute plants called bacteria, and through their assistance the different clover plants make use of the atmospheric nitrogen.

The soil must be well drained, so that the air may freely circulate through it. The bacteria forms a kind of shelter around the roots, covered by a thin web or tissue of the plant, and it is in this structure that the bacteria gets hold of the nitrogen of the air. This may be due to the thinness of the walls of this house, that the nitrogen gets through. In so doing it helps to build up the plant in various ways. From this we conclude that the bacteria are of great benefit to the farmer, and it is through the aid of these germs that the plant becomes so fitted as to be used for food by the different animals.

LOUIS ROCK, '07.



Exchanges



JACOB RATNER, '05, EDITOR.

The following new exchanges have been received: The Roaring Branch, The White and Blue (Jenkintown, Pa.), The Blue and White (South Bethlehem, Pa.), The Purple and White (Peoria, Ill.), Blue and Gold (Findlay, Ohio), The Bethany Messenger (Kansas).

The Spinster, although of very small size, contained some good material in its former issues. The January number is on the same level with the preceding ones, except for the story entitled "A Love Game," which is interesting to read, but not original, as it appeared in one of the New York newspapers some time ago. Probably the author of it has written it without any conception of it ever being in print before, but the editors having charge of the material are the ones responsible. The paper being small, seems to be wasting too much space; the exchange and other departments being left half blank.

The Iris, after an absence of about two months, has again made its appearance. The science department contains an excellent description of the properties of liquid air. Very few exchanges contain any material at all relating to science, and we think that this important subject should be discussed more than it has been. The exchange department is entirely devoted to jokes. A criticism or two should be included and an interesting story among the other material would not be out of place.

Old Hughes, from Cincinnati, Ohio, has had a different cover cut every month, which makes it a welcome visitor. The paper must be on a strong financial basis, in order to follow out the monthly change. "The Trials of a Beginner," in the January issue, and "Her Proposal," in the February number, are excellent.

The White and Blue, published by Abington Friends' School, Jenkintown, Pa., is very small when one stops to consider the time it has been in existence. We have before us the seventh volume, number four. It contains a fairly good biography of Nathan Hale. The exchange department has been crowded into a corner, one-third of it being devoted to the names of exchanges received, which is a waste of space if not much room can be afforded. The rest of the material is passable.

It is a pity that the College Signal, representing the Massachusetts Agricultural College, should leave a blank page and not have enough material to fill its pages. Surely it is not the fault of its editors, as their departments are well filled. The editor makes a strong plea to the students to wake up and do something for their paper.

The February number of the Latin and High School Review occupies first rank among our other exchanges this month. The editorials are well written. Four good stories are included in the issue, one of which is quite humorous. The paper shows the good management of its editors. Humor is to be found all through.

The Punch Bowl, coming from the University of Pennsylvania, is anxiously being awaited by the students every month. The paper is humorous from cover to cover. We are proud to receive it.

Many a man has found the key to success, but saw too many keyholes to put it in.—Punch Bowl.

The Washington Birthday program rendered by the Literary Society was much enjoyed by the representative audience from Doylestown and vicinity. The mock trial, "Smythe vs. Smith," was a great success, and created much hilarity. The cast of characters was as follows:—

Judge Wisehead, a very profound legal light.....	J. Ratner, '05
Lawyer Pro-for-it.....	L. Rock, '07
Lawer Con-aginit.....	M. Morris, '05
Widower Plentiful Smith, the defendant.....	H. Ratner, '06.
Widow Rebecca Smythe, the plaintiff.....	A. Monblatt, '04
Court Officer.....	R. Kysela, '05
A Book Agent, who has been bitten by a mad dog.....	J. Taubenhaus, '04
Hiram Hoecake, a farmer.....	J. Norwick, '06
Editor of "The Weekly Creeper".....	E. I. Lee, '04
The Jury	
The Deaf Man, who uses an ear trumpet.....	D. Neustadt, '06
The Cripple, who walks on crutches.....	I. Weinberg, '06
Dutch Sourkraut Maker.....	B. Ostrolenk, '06
Stuttering Man, always looking for a debate.....	M. Malish, '04
The Tramp, who has fits for want of whisky.....	S. Feinberg, '07
Man With a Hare Lip.....	L. Eisenstein, '05
Strong Minded Woman, foreman of the Jury.....	D. Serber, '05
Muldoon, an Irishman.....	C. Horn, '06
Reverend Thusly, a colored preacher.....	L. Condor, '06
Ajax Mosely, a colored chicken thief.....	A. Miller, '07
Farmer Taterpatch.....	P. Krinzman, '06
Man with nervous affection of face and head.....	H. Hirsch, '05
Spectators, Gossipers, etc.....	

The shelves of the library are beginning to fill up with some of the choicest works of modern authors, and books can now be found to satisfy the trend of any student mind. For the novel lovers are, "Sandburrs," by A. H. Lewis; "A Summer Hymnal," by J. T. Moore; "For Love of Country," by C. T. Brady; "Barker's Luck" and "Tales of Trail and Town," by Bret Harte; "Captain Chap," "The Vizier of the Two-Horned Alexander," "Adventures of Capt. Horn," "Pomona's Travels," "A Jolly Fellowship," "The House of Martha," by F. R. Stockton; "The Hark-Riders and Starbucks," by Opie Read; "The One Woman," by Thomas Dixon, Jr.; "Quisante," by Anthony Hope; "The Beaten Path," by R. L. Makin; "A Soldier of Virginia," by B. E. Stevenson; "The Merivale Banks," by Mary J. Holmes; "The Red Keggers," by Eugene Twing; "A Millionaire's Love Story," by G. Boothby; "The Hound of the Baskervilles," by A. Conan Doyle; "The Water Ghost," by J. K. Bangs, and "Gaborian's Detective Stories."

For the musical inclined are, "A Guide to the Opera," by Singleton; "Master Singers," by F. Young; "For Every Music Lover," by A. W. Moore; "Famous Singers of To-day and Yesterday," by Lahee; "A Score of Famous Composers," by N. H. Dole; "Standard Light Operas," by Upton, and "Stories of Famous Operas," by Guerber.

For the lovers of science are, "Outlines of Cosmic Philosophy," Darwinism, and Other Essays," "A Century of Science," and "The Unseen World," by John Fiske; Experimental Science," by Hopkins; "Application of Physical Forces," by Guillemin; "Cosmos," Vols. 1, 2, 3, 4, by Humboldt; "Ganot's Physics," by Atkinson; Huxley's Works and Spencer's Principles of Biology.

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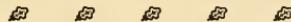
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